THE Numb. 33.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Monday** September 19, to **Wednesday** September 21, 1709.

A Story from Shropshire.

THE Government of the *Passions* has often been prescrib'd to us from the *Pulpit* and elsewhere. Treatises have been written on this Excellent Subject, and it has been the whole work of many learned, and valuable Authors, to point out Directions for *others* to go by in subduing their unruly Disorders, when they *themselves* have in some Action or other, (if not many) given way to, and been conquer'd by them. As the chief of these are *Love*, *Anger*, and *Hatred*, which discover their Empire *over* Mankind more apparently, and with greater Intensness than the rest, to I shall give an instance of the unaccountable Power of the *first*, and undeniable Prevalence of the *last*, in some Memoirs relating to the unfortunate *Sylvia*. I call her *unfortunate*, because the Passions above mention'd have so blinded her Understanding, as not to let her know the very happy Circumstances she might live under, and the Condition she is ev'n now, tho' unsatisfy'd, in, that render her not only the Envy of the Majority of her Sex, but the Wonder and Discourse of all that have heard of her. This Lady that goes by the Name of *Sylvia*, and is Daughter to the fam'd *Sylvester*, a Gentleman whose high Qualifications and Services, deservedly, obtain'd him a very Eminent Post, which he has been possess'd of for several Years, under the favourable and gracious Regards of several Princes, had amidst other Affluences that attend Gentlewomen of a Generous Birth and Education, many Advantages which even Persons of her own Rank and Order very often go without. She was Mistress of a *Wit*, that was supported by a solid and discerning *Judgment*, and of a *Beauty* that displayed the very Symmetry of the *Soul* that inform'd it. Every *Look* carry'd its particular Charm with it, and every *Action* gave Demonstration of a Temper that was superiour to such Spirits, as amidst the *Innocence* of the *Country* could not give a true notice of the *Grandeur* of the *Court*; for her Father, whose more immediate Concerns detain him there, had entrusted her to the Care of an Uncle not far from *Shrewsbury*, that desir'd the Charge of her. Such a promising Harvest of Enjoyment as this was, could not but set Fire to the tender Dispositions of many that were Ambitious of being her humble Servants. But whether the sweet Contentment she enjoy'd under the Guardianship of her Uncle, or a Natural Aversion she had conceiv'd for all Mankind but himself, sway'd the most with her, not one that *sigh'd* for her but had reason to despair of her *Pity*, and every individual Person that offer'd any thing to her on that *hateful* Subject, was dismiss'd with an obstinate, tho' civil, Refusal. When, the Rich, the Young and Amorous *Alcander* made his Addresses, not only back'd with her Fathers Authority, but the Interest and good Words of all her Friends, and being appriz'd of every Argument that is made use of to bring over the most stubborn and irreconcileable to its purpose, had the *misfortune* to be accounted *happy* in the fruition of so desirable a Creature: For tho' she had no more Inclination for him than any of his Predecessors, that had made her extravagant Tenders of their Lives and Fortunes; yet her way of Education had instill'd such Doctrines into her of an Implicit *Obedience* to a *Father's* Command, that she resolv'd to pay the last Deference to it, tho' she in complying with it, was sure to give the World repeated Instances of her *Disobedience* to a *Husband*. To be as Brief as possible, she was Joynter'd, Wedded and Bedded, and had not only the Possession of a very fine Gentleman, but an Estate of 3000 *l. per Annum* at her disposal. Coaches, Equipages, and all the Sumptuous and glittering Consequences of a Noble and Prosperous Alliance, were to be seen at the Place of their Residence. But what might satisfy the most *Ambitious*, and give ease to the most *Covetous*, had no Impression upon her, and she that could bear the Caresses of a young, sprightly, wealthy Bridegroom, with a careless Indifference, had no manner of Relish for the Pomp and Splendor that took its Rise from their *Espousals*. Her Passions, her Inclinations, her very Heart was, and still continues, to be taken up with the Remembrance of her dear Guardian; and to be taken from a nearer view of him, she either owes so much to, or is suppos'd by some to be willing to owe *more*, is a second Death to her. Insomuch, that as She has made herself the most unfortunate Wife that is now breathing, by an entire Resignation to a Passion that is as inordinate as it is held by those that are acquainted with it to be *unnatural*; so is He reduc'd to the Melancholy Condition of being at once a *Husband* and a *Widdower*, because while he has the Name of the one, he may have the Title of the other, since his Lady is dead to him, as to the more refin'd part of Matrimonial Felicities; and tho he cannot but continue to be *envy'd* by some, for having possession of her Body, he is under a Necessity himself of being *envious* of another, for having engross'd her *Soul*. Which is of sufficient force to induce the Reader to *Pity* the one, because *she will not* be happy, and take Compassion on the other because he *cannot*. Tho' *Pagan* Philosophers excuse the first by affirming these Passions above mention'd are involuntary, and do not owe their Being to the *Will*; whatever Notions our *Christian* Virtuosi, *alias* Physitians (if they hold any Religion at all) stand by; which leads me to a *Dissection* lately perform'd in their Publick Hall, and a Lecture read on that Subject by a learned Collegiate, that may come in by the way of *Connection* (as my Ingenious Friend and Brother *Isaac Bickerstaff* has it) to the Rise and unaccountable Progress

greſs of thoſe Paſſions we have juſt now brought ſo Melancholy an Example of.

From the Phyſitians College in Warwick-lane.

Having receiv'd a written Summons from Dr *C——s*, that was left at my Lodgings for me, as well as the moſt noted Coffee-houſes, which runs thus, or in Words to this purpoſe: Dr. *C——s* intends (*Numine aſpirante*) *to read upon a Humane Body* the day after the next Execution, *in the Publick Hall in Phyſitians Colledge*, &c. I reſolv'd out of a Natural Curioſity that I am *Miſtreſs* of by my Sexes Charter, to make one amongſt them; and tho I had been deceiv'd before by an Invitation of the ſame Nature by Dr. *B——*, who made himſelf a *Child* by promiſing a Lecture at *Stationers-hall* about *Children's Cauls*, put my ſelf into Men's Apparel; and notwithſtanding I had but a ſlender Opinion of the *Entertainment* from the *Latin* he had made uſe of in his *Bill of Fare*, made what haſte I could to the *Royal Slaughter-houſe*, where at the Entrance into the *Amphitheatre*, I ſaw what Sir *John Cutler*, the Founder, wou'd have been much more ſparing of. The *Foliages* and *Spikes* of the Gates were all adorn'd with *Leaf Gold*, and the *Hand* that was feeling the *Pulſe* to find how the *Pocket* ſtood affected, ſhew'd it ſelf of the ſame Complexion. A Multitude of all Degrees were gather'd together, ſome to better their Underſtanding, and others to be thought to have more than they had; ſome in ſearch of occult Cauſes, and others whoſe Cauſe of coming was to be ſought for. Lawyers, Apothecaries, Phyſitians, Butchers, Divines, Surgeons, Pedagogues, Painters and Druggiters, were the Perſons our learned Doctor was to give Proofs of his great Skill in *Anotomy* to, and the *Body* was no ſooner laid open from the *Thorax* to the *Jugular*, but he endeavour'd to make appear by an Elaborate Harangue, which no body underſtood any more than himſelf, that the *Patient* under his Hands got his Death for meer want of due *Reſpiration*, and that the *Rope* by compreſſing the *Jugular*, had ſtop'd the Circulation of the Blood up to the Seat of Life, which was in the *Brain*, and made him *obdormire cum Patribus*, to Sleep with his Fore-fathers, an Expreſſion borrow'd from the *Czar* of *Muſcovy*'s Letter. As if all the poor Fellows Anceſtors had gone off the Stage after the ſame way as *he did*, and to ſuffer an Ignominious and untimely Death, was to dye a Natural one. The Divines heard him with Attention, that other People might do the ſame by them, when it ſhould be their Turns to talk, and the School-Maſters ſtood a Tip-Toe at the Recital of Terms that were more formidable than the *Figures* of *Rhetorick*, which they ſo often *ſcar'd* their Boys with, while only the Butchers in *Newgate-Market* thought much of tarrying, and ſwore they cou'd have dreſs'd *three fat Oxen in the Time* that he was opening one Corps from the *Throat* to the *Paunch*. The next thing he took under Conſideration was the *Heart*, whoſe *Valves* and *Ventricles*, *Syſtole* and *Diaſtole* was no ſooner explain'd, but he made another learned Obſervation from the *Livid Colour* of the *Blood* that was *coagulated* in each *Ventricle*, and gave it as his irrefragable Opinion, that the *Culprit* expos'd to View, *dy'd very much out of Humour*, and that it was viſible from its *Colour*, which was more *pallid* than ordinary, that he had great Tokens of *Fear* about him, and was taken with a *ſhivering*, when he was going out of the World. So had poor *Preſton* (thought I) when he was *worried* to Death by his *Bear* laſt *Sunday*; and being out of all manner of Patience at my coming ſo far to return home again, furniſh'd with no more Knowledge than I brought with me, e'en left him calling over the *Muſter-Roll* of *Nerves*, *Fibres*, *Veins* and *Arteries*, and giving Deſcriptions of the *Lymphatic* and *Pancreatic Juices*, their *Ducts* and *Paſſages*, &c. ſince I was perfectly convinc'd, that if he underſtood the *Practical* part of *Phyſic* no better than he did the *Theoric*, he would never be a *Rival* for *Æſculapius*, or a *Match* to *Hypocrates*. Though I cannot well turn my Back upon this Edifying College, without communicating an Epigram that was made by one of the *Blue-Coat Boys* in the adjacent Hoſpital on this Occaſion, and Paraphras'd into *Engliſh* by a Friend of mine, who deſires to be nameleſs on purpoſe that he may be the more enquir'd after. The Verſes run thus.

Ad Medicos.

Haud vexate Cruces, *deerunt ſi* Corpora *Cultris*,
Pharmaca *qui Sumit veſtra*, Cadaver *erit.*

To the Phyſitians.

Ne'er rob the Gallows, *or diſturb the Place*,
Where P—— L——n *Sings* Sternhold *with a Grace:*
Your Phyſick *makes Employment for your Knives*,
And gives *you* Bodies, *as it* takes *Men's* Lives.

Yeſterday was publiſhed,

*** *The* Seventeenth *Edition of* Love in a Hollow Tree, *a Tragi-Comedy, written for the Uſe of all Young Play-wrights, by a Gentleman that always ſtands upon the Stage in Time of Acting, and conſequently muſt have a true Knowledge of it; and printed for the Judicious* B—— L——, *who gives it for his Reaſon why the* Tragedy *of* Phædra *and* Hippolitus *did not take better, that it was becauſe it had not* Humour *enough in it.*

*** *A Phyſitians Chariot to be Sold or Let, at the* Bear Inn *in* Piccadilly, *the* Doctor *having no Occaſion to Ride in it, becauſe he has no Patients to drive to.*

Mrs. Crackenthorpe *deſires her Friends hence forward, when they have any thing to inſert, that they'd direct their Letters to her, at Mrs.* Baldwin's *at the* Oxford Arms *in* Warwick-lane.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THe Princely Perfume. Being a moſt delightful *Powder, which incomparably ſcents Handkerchiefs, Gloves, and all ſorts of Linnen, making them ſmell moſt deliciouſly odoriferous, fine and charming; it perfumes the Hands, the Hair of the Head, and Perriwigs moſt delicately, alſo all manner of Cloaths, Beds, Rooms, Scritores, Preſſes, Drawers, Boxes, and all other Things, giving them a moſt admirable, pleaſant and durable Scent, which is ſo curiouſly fragrant, ſo delectably ſweet, reviving and enlivening, that no Perfume or Aromatick in the World, can poſſibly come near it: It never raiſes the Vapours in Ladies, but by its delicious Odour, Fraganey, and charming Perfume, (which is really ſuperiour to all other Scents upon Earth) it refreſhes the Memory, cures the Head-ach, takes away Dulneſs and Melancholy, makes the Heart glad, and enreaſes all the Spirits, Natural, Vital and Animal, to a Wonder. Is ſold only at Mr Allcraft's Toyſhop, at the Biuecoat Boy, againſt the Royal Exchange, in Cornhil, at 2 s. 6 d. a Glaſs, with Directions.*

MArgaret Searl, Wife to the late Sam. Searl, Famous for Relieving and Curing Deafneſs, depending on any External Obſtruction of the Organ of the Ear; who has Practiced this Art above 38 years paſt, and Communicated the Secret to me only, who Practic'd it with him, in his Life time, for many years, after the ſame Way and Method. Still living in Pye Corner, over againſt the Golden Ball, by Weſt Smithfield, London; where I, or my Daughter, is alway ready, upon any occaſion of that Nature, to ſerve ſuch as apply themſelves to us Being the Survivors of my Father Edm. Searl, and late Huſband to Samuel Searl.

THe Vapours in Women infallibly Cured in an Inſtant, ſo as never to return again, by an admirable Chymical Secret, a few Drops of which takes off a Fit in a Moment, diſpels Sadneſs, clears the Head, takes away all Swimmings, Giddineſs, Dimneſs of Sight, Flushings in the Face, &c. to a Miracle, and moſt certainly prevents the Vapours returning again; for by Rooting out the very Cauſe it perfectly Cures as Hundreds have experienced: It alſo ſtrengthens the Stomach and Bowels, and cauſes Livelineſs and ſettled Health. Is ſold only at Mrs Oſborn's, Toy-ſhop, at the Roſe and Crown under St Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle, with Directions.

THe Grand Chymical Anti-Scorbutick, or Drops for the Scurvy. The Surprizing effects of this Medicine has gained it ſuch an Univerſal Reputation, that vaſt quantities are yearly diſpoſed of in Foreign Countries, as well as here in England, and what is daily uſed by numbers of Phyſicians, Surgeons and Apothecaries in their Practice, and found to be the only certain Remedy for eradicating the moſt inveterate Scurvy, attended with the worſt of Symptoms; as Spots, Blotches, Itches, Eroſion and Bleeding of the Gums, Breakings out of the Skin, Numbneſs, Weariness, Pains, &c. carries of gently the Salt ſharp Humours without Confinement, or the leaſt Diſorder, and for maintaining the Appetite, cauſing good Digeſtion, Puryfying the Blood, and rendring the Body lively and vigorous, is not to be exceeded in the whole Republick of Medicines. Is to be had only at Jacob's Coffee-houſe, againſt the Angel and Crown in Threadneedle-ſtreet near the Royal Exchange, at 2 s. 6 d. the Bottle with Directions.